THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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ADELISA AND LEANDER.

BY R. CUMBERLAND.

ADELISA, possessed of beauty, fortune, rank, and every elegant accomplishment that genius and education could bestow, was withall so unsuportably capricious, that she seemed born to be the torment of every heart which suffered itself to be attracted by her charms. Though her coquetry was notorious to a proverb, such were her allurements, that very few, upon whom she thought fit to practise them, had ever found resolution to resist their power.

Of all the victims of her vanity, Leander seemed to be that over whom she threw her chains with the greatest air of triumph; he was indeed a conquest to boast of; for he had long and obstinately defended his heart, and, for a time, made as many reprisals upon the tender passions of her sex, as she raised contributions upon his.—Her better star at length prevailed! she beheld Leander at her feet, and though her victory was accomplished at the expense of more tender glances than she had ever bestowed upon the whole sex collectively, yet it was a victory which only piqued Adelisa to render his slavery the more intolerable, for the trouble it had cost her to reduce him to it.

After she had trifled with him and tortured him in every way that her ingenious malice could devise, and made such public display of her tyranny, as subjected him to the ridicule and contempt of all the men who had envied his success, and every woman who resented his neglect, Adelisa avowedly dismissed him as an object which could no longer furnish sport to her cruelty, and turned to other pursuits with a kind of indifference as to the choice of them which seemed to have no other guide but mere caprice.

Leander was not wanting to himself in the efforts he now made to free himself from her chains; but it was in vain; the hand of beauty had wrapped them too close about his heart, and love had rivetted them too securely for reason, pride, or even the strongest struggles of resentment to throw them off; he continued to love, to execrate, and adore her.

His first resolution was to exile himself from her sight; this was a measure of absolute necessity, for he was not yet recovered enough to abide the chance of meeting her, and he had neither spirits nor inclination to start a fresh attachment by way of experiment upon her jealousy. Fortune, however, befriended him in the very moment of despair, for no sooner was he out of sight than the coquetish Adelisa found something wanting which had been so familiar to her; that Leander, though despised when possessed, when lost was regretted.

In vain she called her numerous admirers for some one to replace him; continually peevish and discontented, Adelisa became so intolerable to her lovers, that there seemed to be a spirit conjuring up amongst them, which threatened her with a general desertion.

What was to be done? Her danger was alarming, it was eminent; she determined to recal Leander. She informed herself of his haunts, and threw herself in the way of a recontre; but he avoided her; chance brought them to an interview, and she began by rallying him for his apostacy. There was an anxiety under all this affected pleasantry, that she could not thoroughly conceal, and he did not fail to discover: he instantly determined upon the very wisest measure, which deliberation could have formed; he put himself apparently so much at his ease, and counterfeited his part so well, as effectually to deceive her. She had now a new task upon her hands, and the hardest, as well as the most hazardous, she had ever undertaken: she attempted to throw him off his guard by pretended pity for his past sufferings, and a promise of kinder usage for the future. He denied that he had suffered any thing and assured her that he never failed to be amused by her humours which were perfectly agreeable to him at all times. "Then it is plain, replied she, that you never thought of me as a wife; for such humours must be insupportable to a husband." "Pardon me, cried Leander, if ever I should be betrayed into the idle act of marriage I must be in one of these very humours myself. Defend me from the dull uniformity of domestic life! What can be so insipid as the same strain of nuptial harmony everlastingly repeated? Whatever other varieties I may then debar myself of, let me at least find a variety of whim in the woman I am to be fettered to." "Upon my word, exclaimed Adelisa, you would almost persuade me that we are destined for each other." This she exclaimed with one of those looks, in which she was most expert, and which was calculated at once to inspire and betray sensibility: Leander, not yet so certain of his observations as to confide in

them, seemed to receive this overture as a raillery, and affecting a laugh, replied, "I do not think it is in the power of destiny herself to determine either of us; for if you was for one moment in the humour to promise yourself to me, I am certain in the next moment you would retract it; and if I was fool enough to believe you, I should well deserve to be punished for my credulity. Hymen will never yoke us to each other, nor to any body else; but if you are in the mind to make a very harmless experiment of the little faith I put in all such promises, here is my hand; 'tis fit the proposal should spring from my quarter, and not yours; close with it as soon as you please, and laugh at me as much as you please, if I vent one murmur when you break the bargain." "Well then, said Adelisa, to punish you for the sauciness of your provoking challenge, and to convince you that I do notcredit you for for this pretended indifference to my treatment of you, here is my hand, and with it my promise; and now I give you warning, that if ever I do keep it, it will be only from the conviction that I shall torment you more by fulfilling it, than by flying from it." "Fairly declared, cried Leander, and since my word is past, I will stand to it; but take notice, if I was not perfectly secure of being jilted, I should think myself in a fair way way to be the most egregious dupe in nature."

In this strain of mutual raillery they proceeded to settle the most serious business of their lives, and whilst neither would venture upon a confession of their passion, each seemed to rely on the other for a discovery of it.

They now broke up their conference in the gayest spirits imaginable, and Leander, upon parting offered to make a bet of half his fortune with Adelisa that she did not stand to her engagement, at the same time naming a certain day as the period of its taking place. "And what shall I gain, said she, in that case by half your fortune, when I shall have a joint share in the possession of the whole?"—"Talk not of fostune, cried Leander, giving loose to the apture which he could no longer restrain, my heart, my happiness, my life itself is yours." So saying, he caught her in his arms, pressed her eagerly in his embrace, and hastily departed.

No sooner was he out of her sight than he began to expostulate with himself upon his indiscretion: in the extacy of one unguarded moment he had blasted all his schemes, and by exposing his weakness armed her with fresh engines to torment him. In these reflections he passed the remainder of the night; in vain he strove to find some justification for his folly; he could not form his mind to believe that the tender looks she had bestowed upon him were

any other than an experiment upon his heart to throw him from his guard and re-establish her tyranny.

With these impressions he presented himself at her door next morning and was immediately admitted; Adelisa was alone, and Leander immediately began by saying to her, "I am now come to receive at your hands the punishment, which a man who cannot keep his own secret richly deserves; I surrender myself to you, and I expect you will exert your utmost ingenuity in tormenting me; only remember that you cannot give a stab to my heart without wounding your own image, which envelops every part, and is too deeply impress for even your cruelty totally to extripate."

At the conclusion of this speech Adelisa's countenance became serious; she fixed her eyes upon the floor, and after a pause without taking any notice of Leander, and as if she had been talking to herself in a soliliquy repeated in a murmuring tone, "Well, well, it is all over, but no matter." "For the love of Heaven, cried Leander in alarm, what is all over?" "All that is most delightful to woman, she replied; all the luxury which the vanity of my sex enjoys in tormenting yours. Oh Leander, what charming projects of revenge had I contrived to punish your pretended indifference, and depend upon it I would have executed them to the utmost rigour of the law of retaliation, had you not in one moment disarmed me of my malice by a fair confession of your love. Believe me, Leander, I never was a coquett but in self defence; sincerity is my natural character: but how should a woman of any attractions be safe in such a character, when the whole circle of fashion abounds with artificial coxcombs, pretenders to sentiment and professors of seduction? When the whole world is in arms against innocence, what is to become of the naked children of nature, if experience does not teach them the art of defence? If I have employed this art more particularly against you than others, why have I so done, but because I had more to apprehend from your insincerity than any other person's, and proportioned my defences to my danger? Between you and me, Leander, it has been more a contest of cunning than an affair of honour, and if you will call your own conduct into fair review, trust me your will find little reason to complain of mine. Naturally disposed to favour your attentions more than any other man's, it particularly behoved me to guard myself against propensities at once so pleasing and so suspicious.

Let this suffice in justification of what is past; it now remains that I should explain to you the system I have laid down for the time to come if ever I assume the character of a wife, I devote my-

self to all its duties; I bid farewell at once to all the vanities, the petulancies, the coquetries of what is falsely called a life of pleasure; the whole system must undergo a revolution and be administered upon other principles and to other purposes: I know the world too well to commit myself to it, when I have more than my own conscience to account to, when I have not only truths but the similitudes of truths to study; suspicions, jealousies, appearances to provide against; when I am no longer singly responsible on the score of error, but of the example also; it is not, therefore, in the public display of an affluent fortune, in dress, equipage, entertainments, nor even in the fame of splendid charities my pleasures will be found; they will center in domestic occupations; in cultivating nature and the sons of nature, in benefitting the tenants and laborers of the soil that supplies us with the means of being useful; in living happily with my neighbours, in availing myself of those numberless opportunities, which a residence in the country affords of relieving the untold distresses of those, who suffer in secret, and are humble or perhaps too proud to ask."

Here the enraptured Leander could no longer keep silence, but breaking forth into transports of love and admiration, gave a turn to the conversation, which it is no otherwise interesting to relate, than as it proved the prelude to an union, which speedily took place, and has made Leander and Adelisa the fondest and the worthiest couple in England.

THE PRETTY MILLINER.

A FRENCH ANECDOTE.

THREE young noblemen of the court of Louis XV. invited Piron to dinner: just as they were sitting down to table, a pretty milliner gaily introduced to them her cards of lace, and they proposed to the celebrated poet to make her stay and dine with them.

This proposition was the more agreeable to Piron, as the fair merchant was sprightly, gay, and lively; nor did he cease, during the whole of the repast, to question her in his agreeable manner, with respect to her inclinations, her trade, and commerce.

The little visitor, who only half unveiled herself in flattering him, shewed more refined wit and manners, than he expected from one in her situation of life, and interested Piron so much, that, in order to be better acquainted with her, he enquired more particularly among other questions, how she amused herself on Sundays.

"O Sir," said she, "after divine service, when the weather is unfavourable for a walk, to me and

my companions, we amuse ourselves in rehearsing a play. You will laugh, perhaps, but I really mean as I say—in acting comedies as well as we can, and sometimes tragedies."

"Very well, my pretty girl, that is very good; but may I enquire what pieces you most approve, and play with the greatest satisfaction?"—"Iphigenia, Zara, Andromache, the Married Philosopher, and a number of *schools* of different titles." "O fye, Miss, these schools, for the major part, are very foolish ones." "Perhaps, Sir, there are, however, more than one which pleases us, and which they say has been much applauded at the theatre."—"And this is the extent of your repository? and no other comedy has found grace with your little company?" "Pardon me, Sir, there is one well enough spoken of, which we would willingly play, but which we are obliged to renounce!"—"And may I enquire the name of that comedy?"—Oh! it has the most singular and odd title, perhaps of any amongst the whole catalogue of well-received comedies.—Stay let me, see—they call it ma—ma—manie.——O! hang the puzling name."——"It is possibly Metromanie?"—Just so, my dear Sir———O what a tiresome and flat piece!—It is crammed with words and things which we cannot understand; 'tis true we have placed it there, but never to try it more."

It is not easy to imagine Piron's surprize at this unexpected sally; his embarrasment visibly showed itself: the three young sparks could not refrain from laughing outright, and enjoyed the vain efforts of the poet to preserve his good humour; and it would have been difficult to determine how the scene would end, if the pretended female lace merchant, concerned at having carried the jest too far, had not taken pity on the disconcerted rhymer, and instantly discovered herself to be the amiable Marchiones of ———, at whose house poor Piron was ignorant he was dining: the disguise of the lady, and the extreme weakness of the poet's sight, prevented his discovering the marchioness.

"My dear Sir," said she, presenting him with the handsomest hand in the world, "pardon, I pray you, this little treachery of mine; and especially as nobody is a more sincere admirer of the comedy in question, as well as of the author, than I am. The scene, I assure you, is no more than the consequence of a wager with my brother and two relations, which you now see before you.—All three pretended when speaking of your well known character, that, in whatever manner they should attack you, even on the side of self-love, you were always sure to parry it instantly and pleasantly, and not only to discontent the aggressors, but to turn the

laughter on your side; it is to you then, I refer myself for the decision of my wager."

"You have won, fair lady, you have won," exclaimed Piron, kissing her pretty hand.

Et dusse-je, a ce prix, m'avouer ridicule,
Je sais joyeusement avaler la pilule—
D'allieurs q'eut pu mieux faire, en pariel cas, Momus, Pris au depourvu par Venus!

And ought I not, at this price to acknowledge myself ridiculous? yes, I know gladly how to swallow the pill. Nor could Momus, in a like circumstance, have acted better, taken unawares by Venus!"

"Very well, gentlemen, is it not plain that I have lost?" exclaimed, in a gay tone, the pretended lace dealer, "Mr. Piron, Mr. Piron, never more will I wager against, you."

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE LUNATIC.

No. 3.

HAVING in my last paper attempted to shew what impudence is, and that there is no such thing as a modest assurance, it remains for me to point out the advantages of this quality. In the first place then, it may be considered as conferring on the possessor of it, a more than ordinary command of feeling, on those occasions, in which a degree of self-possession is abundantly necessary to our success.

It is observable, that those who are most active or most successful in their undertakings, whatever those undertakings may be, are such as possess, in some degree, the quality I have mentioned. It is from this that they are more quick and resolute in their plans, and come to the transaction of their affairs with a mind less embarrassed and more free to act and to think—whereas, bashfulness or modesty, for modesty is only bashfulness in a less degree, wholly incapacitates them for any such exertion. It betrays into a kind of irresolute, indeterminate state of mind that renders a man altogether unfit for his purpose—it is a sort of momentary derangement of the faculties, that it requires some short time to collect and to compose. Bashfulness, therefore, is one of the worst excesses that a man can possibly fall into; for, however bright or however fine his genius, this single fault, like a cloud which intercepts the sunbeams, will obscure its brightness, and intercept the rays that emanate from it. How many men of the rarest talents, have passed through life without even having brought their talents into notice, from the single circumstance of their modesty; while others less

meritorious than they, but possessing in a high degree, the notifying quality of impudence, have put themselves forward, and passed for men of the finest parts, and of the most superior endowments.

In the next place, impudence is a sort of recommendatory passport into the world; and truly it is a very natural way of making one's self acquaintances and of profiting by them. You shall see a modest man, deserving perhaps, in every respect, labouring under the severest misfortunes, for the want of a little courage to make his situation known. He fears to look for patronage or notice, lest a mortifying repulse should wholly discourage him from any future attempt;—whereas, the man of real impudence will never long remain in obscurity or want. He will find ways by which to make known his importance and demand that notice to which his parts have justly entitled him. If he is to act in a public character, what so necessary as this? If he is to obtain that station; what so efficient as unceasing importunities? It is a matter of considerable question, whether a modest man be not altogether unfit for any public employment. The readiest wit and the most consummate knowledge, unless accompanied with the most consummate impudence, will often be ineffectual in its carreer. The hiss of the populace or the frowns of party over whelm modesty and finally subdue it. It is impudence, real impudence only, that can bear up against the current, and stem the torrent of public abuse and public indignation.

In the last place, impudence is a no less necessary quality to insure success among our beautiful countrywomen. For, notwithstanding, that modesty is the character by which that sex should invariably aim to be distinguished; yet it is a truth unquestionable, that a modest man who seeks for favour among the ladies, comes with rather a melancholy prospect, if he brings with him no other recommendation, than a silly bashfulness. I have seen a man of very excellent understanding in so much confusion upon the addresses of a lady, that he was utterly at a loss for a reply. This always reminds me of Lord Chesterfield's description of an aukward country fellow. The story is trite; but I would recommend it to the serious attention of all bashful young gentlemen. A man of this description certainly labours under the greatest disadvantages. His modesty always throws him into such confusion of thought and ideas, that he will perhaps do fifty things without being sensible of any of them. It drives him into the very extremities he is solicitous to avoid, and occasions him a thousand mortifications, that he knows not how to get rid of. I cannot conclude this paper without recommending to my readers an assiduous cultivation of the quality

of impudence; for I have myself experienced so many inconveniences from an excess of modesty that it always occasions me sensations of regret when I see a smart young fellow, too deeply infected with its influence. It is said that to be a poet, a man should be born with a genius for poetry; and I am somewhat of opinion that to be an impudent fellow, requires that a man should have a sort of natural propensity to impudence.

P. S. As some may perhaps infer, from what I have said under the last head of my discourse, an indirect attack upon the ladies; I hereby beg leave, utterly to disclaim any such intention.

T. F.

New-York, April 26, 1808.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

YES, fatal messenger—thou hast bereaved society of one of its brightest ornaments. Torn from the arms of a doating husband, the companion of his youth, the wife of his bosom. In the prime of life, surrounded by all the conveniences and comforts allotted to an earthly situation—amid a circle of friends, composed of the tender guardians of her infancy, and the faithful companions of her juvenile happiness—the grim tyrant, with direful mandate, entered her peaceful abode, and summoned her gentle spirit to other worlds. Excellent woman! Too soon hast thou been called to leave this sublunary scene. Why wast thou not spared to rear thy tender offspring, to instill thy own virtuous sentiments in their breasts! But in heaven shall be rewarded thy unassuming merit.

If amiableness of disposition, ease of manners, a faithful wife, a a tender mother, an affectionate friend....if these are worthy of remembrance, when the hand that writes this shall be mingled with the dust, still shall thy memory be cherished. At returning periods thy friends will sigh out their sorrows at thy grave. And when the author of this shall again visit thy native village, a tear will steal down his cheek when thy little cherub boy shall take him by the hand, and with heavenly accents exclaim, "there is my mother's tomb!"

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From the Lounger's Common-Place Book.

LA MAUPIN, a French singer, in the seventeenth century, one of the numerous instances, in which a stage heroine, fortified by public favour, and presuming the magic of a melodious voice, defied the laws and institutions of a country by which she was supported, and committed, with impunity, crimes,

which would have doomed a common unaccomplis ed desperado to an ignominious death.

This romantic and indecorous adventurer, for I hesitate in calling *her* a female, who drest, fought, made love, and conquered like a man, having been married at an early age, fortunately for her husband, Mons. Maupin, quitted him a few months after their nuptials, for the superior attractions of a fencing-master, who taught her the use of the small sword, a weapon which she afterwards handled with destructive dexterity against many antagonists.

In an excursion from Paris to Marseilles, her performance in a favourite piece was received with admiration and the most extravagant applause, and, strange, to tell, she won the affections of *a beautiful young woman*, the only child of a wealthy merchant in that city, prevailed on the infatuated girl to elope with her in the night from her father's house, and being pursued, took refuge in a convent—the rigid discipline and correct intercourse of such a society, did not suit the views and temper of La Maupin, she was also alarmed by certain religious doubts and scruples, suggested by the fair fugitive, who began to repent of her rash and unwarrantable conduct, in quitting her father's house, with all that was decent or respectable in society, for a female bravo, whom she dreaded and submitted to, rather than loved.

Interrupted in her designs, and irritated by opposition, this theatric miscreant set fire at midnight to the building which had so hospitably sheltered her, and in the general confusion, securing by force her unhappy victim, fled to a sequestered village, where they were concealed for several weeks; but the country being alarmed by such flagrant enormity, a diligent search took place, the offender was traced to her retreat, and seized, after a stout resistance, in which she killed one of the officers of justice, and dangerously wounded two others.

The fair but frail Marseillaise was restored to her afflicted parents, and La Maupin, a notorious murderer, a seducer of innocence, and an incendinary, was condemned to be burnt alive; but this syren, whose tones enchanted every hearer, while the poison of asps was within her lips, had secured such powerful interceders, that the execution of her sentence was delayed; and I relate, with regret, that an abominable and profligate woman escaped the punishment she deserved.

From infamy and fetters, she hurried to Paris, was received with raptures at the opera, but could not shake off the characteristic audacity of her former deportment. In a crouded theatre, con-

ceiving herself affronted by Dumenil, a favourite actor, remarkable for mild temper and inoffensive manners, she rushed on the stage, poured forth a torrent of abuse on the poor man, interrupted the entertainment, and caned him in the face of the audience.—This indignity was submitted to without a murmur, and basking in the warm sun-shine of public patronage, she exercised, for several years, a capricious and insulting tyranny over princes, magistrates, and people.

At a ball given by a prince of the blood, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, La Maupin insolently paraded the rooms in men's cloaths, and treating a lady of distinction with indecency, was called out, at different times, by three gentlemen, each of whom she ran through the body; yet such was the public infatuation, or so polluted at that period the fountain of justice, that this hell-hound, whose existence was a libel on the laws of nature and humanity, again was pardoned!!

Under the impulse of prevalent fashion, peculiar taste, vicious caprice, or a combination of appetite and curiosity, the Elector of Bavaria made her proposals, which she accepted, and for a short time insulted the inhabitants of Brussels, as an appendage to the loose pleasures of their sovereign. But the reign of a prostitute, which can only be prolonged by discreet management and gentle conduct, was rapidly shortened by the eccentricities of a ferocious virago, who stripping from infamy the thin veil of exterior decency, soon disgusted her lover.

Though callous to crime, the German Prince shrunk from absurdity, and after the violence of passion had subsided, resolved to dismiss a woman so grossly deficient in those indispensible female requisites, delicacy, decorum, and softness, which I hear so many young men, reeling from the stews, lament the want of *in those select circles.*

After debauching the principles, imposing on the understandings, and defiling the persons of their wretched dupes, ought gentlemen to be disappointed in finding them bereft of these endearing qualities? When a midnight ruffian has violated the nocturnal security of their houses, they might, with equal propriety, expect to find in their plundered cabinets, a gold repeater or a brilliant diamond.

The Elector, with a mixture of cruelty and kindness, sent La Maupin a purse of forty thousand livres, by the husband of a new mistress, who informed her, that a carriage was at the door, in which she must immediately quit Brussels. The enraged courtezan threw the purse at the messenger's head, abused him as a cuckold and a scoundrel, told him his

insignificance protected him, that she would not disgrace her sword with the blood of such a contemptible rascal, and kicked him down stairs.

The applause of a parisian circle again soothed her chagrin; as old age and infirmity came on, she quitted the stage and associated with her forsaken husband, who, in her accumulation of wealth, overlooked his domestic disgrace. After a life of impudence, licentiousness, and flagitious enormity, this extraordinary character was comforted in her last moments by an indulgent priest, who, from gratitude or conviction, thus replied to certain doubts and questions, naturally arising in the breast of so great a sinner: "Your peace is made with God; and although you have been a late labourer in the vineyard, you shall sleep in Abraham's bosom."

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From the Sporting Magazine,

trifles, light as air.

Refinement of Manners.—A person having some business with a *master sweep*, was told by the maid that her master could not be seen, as he was in company with *another* gentleman.

A fellow being recently condemned to be publicly whipped, addressed the Judge thus:

"My Lord, I'll submit to the punishment if you insist upon it, but I don't like it; I might be a good scholar now, if I had been fond of that *amusement* when at school."

Foreigners imagine that the distribution of the inhabitants of London, are so arranged, that *Poets* only reside in *Air*-street; *Gluttons* in *Swallow*-street; *Money-lenders* in *Golden*-sqare; and *Creditors* in *Bond*-street.

A certain Hibernian lady has a custom of saying to a favourite little dog, to make him follow her, "Come along, sir. A *would-be-witty* gentleman stept up to her one day, and accosted her with—"Is it me, Madam, you called?" "Oh, no Sir,' said she, with great composure, "It was *another puppy* I spoke to.'

A pawnbroker, who had married a second wife, was trumpeting forth her praise, which he wound up by saying, that "she was the exact *duplicate* of his *first rib.*

Among other captivating descriptions of the advantages and glories of a military life, recently advertised, we read of "Young gentlemen wanted for beautiful and elegant regiments of cavalry, with horses and dresses finer than any Eastern *Emperor*," and "to complete noble regiments of infantry about to sail to *the golden world.*"—"None but gentlemen of high character and truly noble sp irit need apply.'

A journalist says, that a person may as well expect to find the word *hospitality* in a Dutch dictionary, as to look for the word *liberty* in a German one.

Charming Poetry.—A country rhymer, has produced the following *beautiful couplet* on the recent marriage of Mr. *Frost* to Miss *Snow*:

"'Tis *love* subdues the *cold* and wayward dame,
"And fans *huge lumps* of FROST and SNOW to *flame!*"

Two gentlemen, remarkable for a nice appetite, were disputing lately at a coffee-house upon the best mode of cooking a beef-steak, and were enumerating the different processes for bringing it to table in the highest perfection. Mr. Wewitzer, of Drury-lane theatre, who was present, observed, that "of all the methods of cooking a beef-steak, he thought Shakspeare's recipe to be the shortest and the best." Upon being asked for an explanation—"Why, Gentlemen," said Wewitzer,

"If when 'twere done, 'twere well done,
"Then 'twere well it were done quickly."

A girl is now exhibiting in Yorkshire with *two tongues*. He will indeed be a *bold man* who will take the damsel as his *wife*.

Legal Pun.—A Lawyer on the last Western Circuit, who made a very long and saucy speech, was upbraided by another as being very *Garrow-les*.

The late Lord Avenmore, although a man of distinguished talents, was too apt to anticipate the tendency of an argument. A celebrated Lawyer, whose client had suffered in consequence of this habit, took the following method of reproving it:—having engaged to dine in company with the Noble Lord, he delayed going so long, that the company were at dinner when he entered the room: he apologized for his absence, apparently with much agitation, stating that, from a melancholy event he had just witnessed, he found himself unable to master his feelings:——"I was passing through the market," said he, "a calf was bound to a post; the butcher had drawn his knife, and was just advancing, when a beautiful child ran across him; and O! my God! he killed"—"the child!' exclaimed his Lordship. No, my Lord, the *calf;* but your Lordship is in the habit of *anticipating*."

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

MY YOUTHFUL DAYS.

WHEN I feel melancholy and loaded with care,
I think of the days of my youth,
When I bask'd in the rays of contentment so fair,
And fancied my bliss shooting forth.

Light, wanton and jolly, my days roll'd away,
Like gleams from the sun in the west,
Gay hope and light fancy fond bliss did pourtray,
Nor sorrow encumber'd my breast.

From the fountain of folly I tasted the streams
Of pleasure unmingled with wo:
I floated on fancy, I feasted on dreams,
And nought but felicity knew.

But now the dear days of my youth are all o'er,
The visions and phantoms are fled;
Now treacherous friendship delights me no more,
And hope's blissful charms are half dead.

But alas! it is folly to grieve ar complain
For days that we shall no more see;
Then let the soft smiles of indifference remain,
And the heart beat with rapture and glee.

M.

Murray-street April 25.

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ACROSTIC.

Joyous beauty....ease and grace adorn
And centre in thy lovely form;
Nor is thy mind without its share,
Every virtue's cherish'd there.

Jonathan.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

Cold would be the heart of a husband, were he not rendered unnatural by early debauchery, who did not feel more delight at seeing his child suckled by its mother, than the most wanton tricks could ever raise; yet this natural way of cementing the matrimonial tie, and twisting esteem with fonder recollections, wealth leads women to spurn. To preserve their beauty, and wear the flowery crown of the day, which gives them a kind of right to reign for a short time over the sex, they neglect to stamp impressions on their husband's hearts that would be remembered with more tenderness when the snow on the head began to chill the bosom, than even their virgin charms. The maternal solicitude of a reasonable affectionate woman is very interesting, and the chastened dignity with which a mother returns the caresses that she and her child receive from a father who has fulfil'd the serious duties of his station, is not only a respectable, but a beautiful sight; so singular indeed are my feelings, and I have endeavoured not to catch fictitious ones, that after having been fatigued with the sight of insipid grandeur and the slavish ceremonies that with cumbrous promp supplied the place of domestic affections, I have turned to some other scene to relieve my eye, but resting it on the refreshing green every where scattered by nature. I have then viewed with pleasure, a woman nursing her children, and discharging the duties of her station with, perhaps, merely a servant maid to take off her hands the servile part of the household business. I have seen her prepare

herself and children, with only the luxury of cleanliness, to receive her husband, who returning weary home in the evening, found smiling babes and a clean hearth. My heart has loitered in the midst of the group, and has even throbbed with sympathetic emotion, when the scraping of the well-known foot has raised a pleasing tumult.

[*Extract from Beauties of Wollstoncraft.*]

Died, lately at Festinog, Merionethshire, a farmer who was 105 years of age, and had been three times married; by his first wife he had 30 children, by his second, 10, by his third 4, and by two concubines 7. His youngest son was 81 years younger than the oldest, and 800 persons, descended from his body, attended his funeral.

Translated from the Erse.

I drain the cup of woe each night,
To the last drop, in vain;
For, when Aurora speeds her light,
I find it full again.

An ingenious German Physitian has calculated that the number of deaths throughout the universe, amounts to 25,000 every minute.

"One thing is *clear*," says an Irish print, "that all things are very *dark* at present."

A bookseller of New-York, informs the gentlemen of the law, that all the scarce books, *out of print*, may be had by applying at his store.

Lit. Mirror.

☞ For the benefit of a more central situation, we shall remove our office next week to No. 46, Fair-street, opposite the church.

Our friends who purpose changing their place of residence, will oblige by sending us notice thereof previous to the publication of our next number.

Our esteeemed correspondent, Timothy Folio, will please to send to this office for a letter directed to our care, for him.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Capt. Eldridge, to Miss Maria W. Church, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Halstead E Haight, to Miss A Haight, second daughter of Mr. Benjamin Haight, all of this city.

At Rosehill, by the rev. Mr. Harris, Mr. Alexander M'Kenzie, of N. York, to Miss Jane Atkins.

DIED,

At Newtown, Sussex county, New Jersey, on Wednesday the 14th inst. Mrs. Maria C. Johnson, wife of John Johnson, Esq. of that place.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum....payable *one in advance.*

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

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No. 46 *Fair-street.*

POETRY.

MARIA.

Or Recollections in Adversity.

Sweet was my father's kiss to me
When nightly I was sent to rest;
How joyful then I climb'd his knee,
And bent my head to have it blest.

And when the blushing morning came,
Refresh'd from balmy sleep I rose,
O how I lov'd to lisp his name,
And near his chair my station choose!

Then oft I felt my infant heart
Oppress'd with boding fears and care,
Lest others lov'd should steal a part
Of fondness I could never spare.

The fairing gay was still for me,
And many a treasur'd cake I found,
His gifted doll I drest with glee,
With spangled silk, and ribbands bound.

My task performed—my lesson learn'd,
Recounting how I spent the day,
The promis'd penny duly earn'd,
Light-hearted then I danc'd away.

My seat was by him in the bower,
That opened to the landscape wide,
Where oft he pluck'd the blooming flower,
And on my brow the emblem tied.
An arm to me was welcome still,
Whene'er we health or pleasure sought
And as we trac'd the mead or hill,
I mark'd his magic turn of thought.

He bade the strains my soul inspire
That charm'd him from the immortal page;
And kindling with the Muse's fire,
He felt the bard's delirious rage.

My morn of life unclouded rose;
Kind parents strew'd my path with flowers;
Soft pleasures lull'd me to repose,
And careful watch'd my waking hours.

But ah! my noon is overcast...
To me hath dire misfortune come,
I shrink before the chilling blast....
I wander now without a home.

Yet, oh! forgive *him* powers above!
Who led me to the fatal snare,
Who made me slight a father's love,
And lightly prize a mother's care.

But cold in dust my parents sleep,
My piercing woes they cannot see....
Oh! that these burning eyes could weep
For those who wept so oft for me.

PLEASURE OF HOPE.

Ah woe is me ...from day to day,
I drag a life of pain and sorrow,
And still, sweet hope, I hear thee say,
"Be calm....thine ills will end to-morrow."

To morrow comes and brings to me
No charm, disease or grief relieving;
And I am ever doom'd to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promisses deceiving

Yet, false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusion will I cherish;
I cannot, dare not with thee part,
Since I, alas! with thee must perish.

S.